

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

VOLUME LVII

Published Every Thursday,
at 99 Ft. Washington Ave.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 26, 1928

Subscription Price, \$2 a year.

NUMBER 30

Entered as second class matter January 6, 1880, at the Post
Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in
Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 19, 1918

THE LAYMAN

Leave it to the ministers, and soon the church will die,
Leave it to the women-folk—the young will pass it by.
For the church is all that lifts us from the coarse and selfish mob,
And the church that is to prosper needs the layman on the job.

Now a layman has his business, and a layman has his joys,
But he also has the training of his little girls and boys;
And I wonder how he'd like it if there were no churches here,
And he had to raise his children in a Godless atmosphere?

It's the church's special function to uphold the finer things,
To teach that way of living from which all that's noble springs;
But the minister can't do it, singled-handed and alone,
For the laymen of the country are the church's cornerstone.

When you see a church that's empty, though its doors are opened wide,
It is not the church that's dying. It's the laymen who have died;
For it's not by song or sermon that the church's work is done,
It's the laymen of the country who for God must carry on.

—By E. A. Guest.

HOT CORNER JIMMY

Jim Byers, rhiny, or freshman, athlete and railroad scholarship man at Jordan University, left the great Memorial Library at three o'clock of a late April afternoon and, glad to have finished two hours of steady reading, started for the gymnasium to dress for freshman baseball practice. He wondered whether Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, his two buddies, would be on time for practice, and in order that he himself might not be late he took a short cut. Instead of going the campus by the tortuous winding path that seemed to seek out every hill and gully, he turned along the avenue past the Soda Keg.

That institution, home of "hot dogs" and hot chocolate in winter, was as busy as ever now, doling out rich ice-cream drinks and dishes to the between-meals appetites of the undergraduate body. Lazy students loafed at the Soda Keg in large numbers. Stories and gossip were bandied about the crowd. Jim, hustling along at the gait that had earned him the nickname of Dogtrot Jimmy, or Doggie for short, had his head down, his thoughts running from the text he had been reading to the approaching baseball workout, and then to his unsolicited feud with big Dory Hawkins. He was hardly conscious of goings-on on the sidewalk in front of the Soda Keg.

If he had heard the mingled laughter and hum of voices from the loafing students, he would have noticed too the sudden hush as he approached. But he was wishing devoutly he had never seen Dory Hawkins and so noticed neither the noise nor the ensuing quiet. Head down, he hurried on. Why had Hawkins roughed him in spring football practice? Why, thereby, had he lost his temper for a moment?

Then, abruptly, he bumped into some one on the sidewalk directly in front of the Soda Keg.

"I beg your pardon," Jim exclaimed, quickly.

"Saay, why don't you look where you're going?" he heard a rough voice demanding.

Looking up, he saw it was his rough-and-tumble enemy and rival for quarterback on next year's varsity eleven, Dory Hawkins. Surprised and sorry for the encounter, because he wished to avoid trouble, Jimmy hesitated. Out of the corner of his eye, he noted a group of loungers waiting with expectant air. Friends of Hawkins, he surmised.

"Well," growled the burly Hawkins, assuming a threatening attitude.

Determined to avoid a fight if possible, Jimmy took a step to his left and essayed to pass Hawkins so that he might go on about his business. Boys in the crowd chuckled aloud. Jimmy flushed and encountered Hawkins again, the bigger chap having slouched directly in front of him.

the gutter, Dory being hard put to keep his feet. And then he went on his way down the sidewalk, while the loafers looked on in surprise.

"Saay, you," roared the angry Hawkins, "I'll get you—"

"Me too?" Jimmy heard a familiar voice interrupting the bully.

"And me?" This was Billy Armstrong, echoing the question of Les Moore.

Hawkins, though disgruntled at the turn in events with which he had been regaling the loafers, evidently dropped his quarrel in the presence of the two other musketeers. At any rate, Jimmy, proceeding down the sidewalk, heard no more. Partly because he was excited over the occurrence, and partly because he feared he might be late for practice, he shuffled into his dogtrot.

Soon he heard whistling behind him, but he thought somebody must be whistling for a dog, and paid no heed. Then he heard voice calling.

"Yay, Doggie."

"Hi, Jim!"

His chums rarely used these nicknames.

Turning around, he saw Les Moore and Billy Armstrong hurrying to catch up with him. Both were grinning. He waited for them. As they approached, both turned mock serious.

"It was a lucky thing we came along," said Les to Billy Armstrong.

"If we hadn't, that big stiff would have torn the kid's knob right off his shoulders."

"Yes, but he couldn't have missed it," Billy replied. "The thing that surprised me was his jumping into Hawkins. That took some nerve."

"C'mon, papa and mama," grinned Jimmy, ignoring the chaff. "I knew you'd be around to watch over me; but be proud to call me your own. But listen," falling into step with his pals. "What were you two doing in the Soda Keg?"

"Well, Billy wanted a double dose of chocolate and cream," Les explained; "and I just went along to see that he took only one double."

"Why, you poor sugar inhaler," exclaimed Billy, indignantly, taking a dig at Moore's ribs with a hard fist.

"If you two birds keep on training at the Keg, you'll have a fat chance to play some baseball around here," accused Jimmy.

"Well, didn't Phillips tell me to put on some weight?" Billy demanded.

"Not that kind."

"What's the idea, always tangling with this Hawkins?" asked Les. "He's been talking around ever since football practice that he's gona get you, plenty. Braggin' about it back there at the Keg just before you came along."

"He's got twenty-five pounds on you, too," chimed in Billy Armstrong, glad to change the subject and get away from his dereliction in training.

"I couldn't help it, the way things happened," Jimmy protested. "I'm not looking for trouble with him, but what did he want to pull that stunt for?"

They hurried along. Les Moore renewed his warning to Jimmy to stay away from Dory Hawkins. The big fellow, he said, had a reputation as a bruiser and a roughneck. Brought back to school by some alumni for the purpose of playing football, Hawkins seemed to be carrying on like a dive bouncer in a mining camp.

"Next fall he'll be out there trying to beat you of the job at quarter," said Les. "He's big, and heavy, and dirty. Believe me, he'll lay on you if he gets a chance. You're coaxing a scrap, all I got to say."

"You certainly are," added Billy Armstrong. "But as long as we older, bigger fellows can look after you—"

"Oh, shut up," growled Jimmy.

"Billy, has Coach said anything to you about your pitching?" This was as they climbed the long flight of steps to the gymnasium door.

"Only that, if I don't get some control before long, he'll send me back to the minor leagues," grinned Billy.

"Says I've got enough speed and a good break, but I'm too wild to pitch anywhere except on a hundred-acre farm."

"Any chance to get in against the varsity this afternoon?" asked Jim.

"No, I'll be as far from that game as San Francisco is from Boston," Billy lamented. "Unless all the other rhinies get knocked out of the box, and

Coach sends a wireless to me to come in from the bull pen."

They entered the gymnasium and proceeded to the freshman dressing-room. Half an hour later they were on their field, going through preliminary practice. Coach Phillips, master of varsity football, fitted into the Jordan athletic system by coaching the freshman baseball team. He directed the workout.

"Snap into it, boys," he yelled. "Show some pep. Let's see who starts against the varsity. Here, Byers, how's your whip?" and he smashed a hard grounder down the third-base line. Jimmy pounced on the ball and came up with it straightening and whipping to first base at the same instant. "Nice peg. Home with it. Down to second—thatta old whip, Moore." This last, to big Les working out as catcher.

For some fifteen minutes, Coach Phillips kept the infield hard at it, warming up the boys for their battle with the varsity. A five-inning contest, scheduled as a primer for the varsity's struggle next day with Michigan, was on the program. Phillips, a great believer in actual competition, rather than lackadaisical going-through-the-motion stuff, wanted his youngsters to give the Jordan nine a stiff struggle. But, under all his enthusiasm, he seemed to be preoccupied. He kept an eye on Jimmy Byers, flashing about third base, throughout the practice session. A shame, he thought, that the boy could not be ten pounds heavier and an inch taller—more rugged. Make a star quarter for next year, maybe. Seemed to have the nerve, but you never can tell. He had the head—but how about the power?

"Last chance for me on find out," he mused. "See how he holds up at third base. Leave him in there, and see what he does."

In his dreams, at mealtimes, and even during the excitement of baseball, Phillips thought bootball, planned football. He wanted a copper-riveted, shock-proof, nervy, brainy quarterback to guide his next eleven. Would it be the husky Hawkins, or this sawed-off, shock-headed little rhiny? Spring football workouts had ended with the job still a toss-up between the two boys. It was great stuff to have not one, but two, quarterbacks. On the other hand, there ought to be an edge. Who had it? Jimmy on the hot corner—but enough of the coach's musings.

Suffice it to say that, if there is any position in athletics that is designed to try the heart and soul of an athlete, it is third base. Professional ball players call it the hot corner. Why? Because balls hit down the third-base line are usually hard smashed. When they are not, they are frequently bunts. Your third baseman must be fast enough and strong enough to break down hard-hit liners, and alert enough to come in quickly for bunts. He does not always know what is coming. Set for a smash, he may have to tear in for a sacrifice.

Coming in for a bunt, he may encounter a terrific liner whistling at his face. Balls hit to the short-stop or second baseman have a little more time to spend their speed, because they are farther from the plate. Only left-handed batters habitually pull their drivers down the first-base line. And the third baseman guards the last spot before the plate is reached. Plays there are snappy. Throws are swift. Hot corner is right.

If any of all this analysis was in the mind of Jimmy Byers, he gave no sign of it. Rather, he scooped grounders and snapped up bunts as calmly as if engaged in a little game of checkers. Coach Phillips, watching him, wondered if the boy knew the test he might meet in the heat of a game, and hoped the test would come. He wanted a copper-riveted, nervy, brainy quarterback. The hot corner might be a good place to find him.

An assistant manager, on the run from the varsity field, advised that the big nine was ready for the game. Coach Phillips called in his squad and adjourned the session to the diamond atop the hill, behind the gymnasium. On the way, his rhinies grouped around him, he called off his lineup. Billy Armstrong felt disappointed at not being named to pitch, but Jimmy thrilled to hear himself designated for third base, and Les Moore whooped when

he was called out as catcher. The remainder of the lineup does not interest us, except for the fact that it included big Farmer Wilson, a burly 220-pound chap, as pitcher.

Arrived at the varsity field, the rhinies found the big team leisurely preparing for the last workout before tackling Michigan's Wolverines. Coach Phillips kept his boys moving about so they would not get chilled by inactivity, but he found time to call Byers to him.

"Listen, boy," he said, "I've just heard about your run-in with Hawkins. I don't want any fighting among my football men, see? And kid," lowering his voice so that others might not hear, "stay away from him. He's tough, dangerous customer. Take care of yourself, but don't borrow any trouble."

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy.

"What happened this time?" asked the coach.

"Oh, nothing much," said Jim.

"He got in my way over at the Keg and seemed to want to start a fight. I just shoved past him, that's all."

"Well, let him alone," Coach Phillips replied, and smiled inwardly at the boy's modesty. He had heard that Jim almost stood the big fellow on his head in the gutter.

Jimmy wondered at the warning, given at this particular moment, until he noticed the varsity lining up afield. Big Dory Hawkins took his place at second base. Jimmy had not known Hawkins was a baseball player. He wondered how the news of his encounter at the Soda Keg had reached the diamond so quickly. And he hoped that there would be no entanglements, at least during the game.

"There's our little friend," whispered Les Moore to Jimmy. "Plays baseball. All-round tough baby, hey?" And he grinned in reassuring fashion while, squatted behind he rhiny bench, he warmed up with big Farmer Wilson, Jimmy, passing bat in hand toward the plate as rhiny lead-off, grinned back.

"Well, well, well, whose child is this?" yelled Hawkins, from his place in the infield. "First up, first out! Roll one down here, boy."

Jimmy, somewhat nervous in his first tilt with the varsity, watched a strike and then a ball before he swung.

"I'll help y' out," roared Hawkins, a talky player. "Use your bat."

The third being good, Jimmy swung and smashed a crisp grounder to the shortstop's right. He wheeled and sprinted, but the varsity shortstop got him by a nice stop and snappy throw to first. As he pulled up and turned back from his sprint, he met Hawkins, who had come over to back up on the throw.

"Thought you were going to show me up before the gang, did you?" sneered the big fellow.

"You were there, for a while anyhow," grinned Jimmy, "and ought to know."

"I'll get you yet, fresh," Hawkins retorted, angrily.

Neither of them knew it, but Coach Phillips was watching. He liked Jim Byers all the better for the grinning retort, although he could not hear it. Maybe the boy had the stuff—copper-riveted quarterback.

This one instance was the closest the two rivals came to an actual encounter until the last inning. Meantime, a real, ding-dong struggle had developed. The freshmen were not able to hit Martin, the varsity's second-string pitcher, consistently. Farmer Wilson walloped a resounding three-bagger to center field in the third inning with two out, but Jimmy could not help him home. In the fourth, big Les Moore crashed a line drive to left for two bases, but the next two hitters left him stranded at second despite his noisy pleas for help. The varsity could not touch Wilson. The burly fellow had no curve worth mentioning, but he did have tremendous speed, and his ball had a hop that helped baffle the Jordan swingers. Moore, behind the bat with his hand, his arm and his whole body burning with Wilson's speed, kept up an enthusiastic line of chatter, and the rhinies fought through with a tight defense.

At the end of the fifth inning neither team had been able to score. Coach Phillips rejoiced over his rhinies. The varsity coach wanted his nine to taste the glory of victory before tackling the redoubtable Wolverines next day, and

therefore asked for an extra inning, although it was growing late.

"You're on, and we'll take you," grinned Phillips. "C'mon, boys, let's pack this game away. Byers, up."

Jimmy advanced to the plate. He had been thrown out by the shortstop, had flied once to center field, and had been safe once on a varsity error. As he took his place in the batter's box, he figured the varsity must know him for a swinger. He therefore decided to wait. And wait he did. Ball one. Ball two. Strike one. Jimmy looked 'em over. Strike two. Ball three. Jimmy looked 'em over. Resolved to hit, if he had to—but no, ball four. He walked.

Coach Phillips decided to play for one run. He ordered the next hitter to sacrifice, and Jimmy nodded at the signal. But the next man, trying to bunt on the first ball pitched, popped a miserable little fly to Martin, the pitcher. Still trying for one run, Phillips ordered Jimmy to steal, figuring that either Moore or the clean-up hitter could produce a hit to bring him home. Jimmy acknowledged orders and nervously edged himself into position for a flying getaway.

Nervous over invading the territory of the husky Hawkins? Far from it. Jimmy was thinking of Hawkins, wondering why the big fellow had to carry personal spite into his athletics. But nervous? Not at all. He was in the game with all his being. Inch by inch he squirmed down the line, away from first, toward second. And then Martin, refusing to believe the despised rhinies would try to steal, wound up and pitched. Jimmy was off like a flash, digging in his spikes with the speed of a pneumatic riveter. At full tilt he raised his eyes to appraise the situation. And then he saw his enemy.

Big Dory Hawkins, confident of his bulk, swaggering with his nerve, stood squarely over the bag, awaiting the throw from the catcher. A contemptuous grin played on his face. He stooped over to take the ball, coming on the near side of the bag, knee high, sure of a putout. It would be close, but he had the bag covered and the kid blocked. Jimmy, sensing Dory's plan to block, did not hesitate. He knew the base line belonged to him. He flung himself into a long, twisting slide, spikes straight for the canvas.

"Aaayohh," yelled Hawkins, clutching the rifle-like throw from the catcher and then, losing his nerve at the last instant, leaping into the air to avoid Jimmy's spikes. He held the ball, but did not try to tag his man. Jimmy relaxed, for a fraction of a second, and then scrambled hastily to protect himself. Hawkins came down with the spikes of one shoe on Jimmy's ankle.

"What you try to spike me for?" he demanded, angrily, leaning down and trying to jerk Jimmy to his feet. "I'll knock your block off for that! What's the big idea?"

"Runner's safe," announced the umpire, coming down on the run. "Here, boy, hurt?"

"No," grinned Jimmy, lying, because his ankle felt as if it had been hacked with a knife. He clambered to his feet.

"Hawkins, that didn't look so good," began the umpire.

"He didn't mean to do it," Jimmy interrupted. But as he spoke he looked at Hawkins and very deliberately winked. The big fellow flushed and bit his lip. If Coach Phillips could have heard, he would have scored one for Jimmy. But Jimmy scored one for himself an instant later. Praying that big Les Moore could come through with a hit and take him out of the Hawkins bailiwick before he might have to tangle with Dory again, his prayer was answered. Big Les leaned against Martin's fast ball and crashed a liner to left center for a clean hit. Jimmy easily beat the throw home, for the first run of the game. It did not matter that Les, over-ambitious, was out trying to make a two-bagger out of his single.

"All right, varsity, try and get that one back!" exulted Coach Phillips as the teams changed sides. "Hi, Byers, did Hawkins try to spike you?"

"Well, I had to go for the bag, sir," Jimmy replied. "He wanted to block—"

"I saw it," said Phillips.

Jimmy limped out to his position at the hot corner, to find out for certain just how hot the hot corner may become. His ankle hurt miserably. There was no time to bind it up. Darkness approached, and varsity fought for a tie, at least.

"Hold 'em, gang," yelled Coach Phillips.

Farmer Wilson, overanxious to win his game, put on more speed than he could control, and hit the first batter. Les Moore roared to him to take his time. And then up came big Dory Hawkins, swinging two bats and bringing with him the crucial point of the game—and the turning, clinching point of Jimmy's freshman career in athletics. Jimmy studied Hawkins. He knew the varsity needed two runs to win. One on, nobody out. Naturally, Hawkins should hit. And yet, Hawkins acted as if he would bunt. Wilson wound up cautiously and pitched. Hawkins bluffed a bunt. Ball one. Wilson pitched again, and Hawkins again bluffed at bunting, but pulled his bat back. Strike one.

"Maybe they'll play for one run," figured Jimmy. Hawkins stood as if he would bunt, and with the next pitch Jimmy started down the line toward the plate. This was just what Hawkins wanted. He swung viciously at the ball and hit it hard.

"Made a sucker out of the kid," moaned Phillips. "No, no—"

Laughing, Hawkins dropped his bat and turned for first. He'd show the little fellow! Jimmy, in full stride as if to snatch up a bunted ball, shuddered as he saw Hawkins brace and swing, and heard the crack of the bat against the leather. Off balance, he tried to stop, but could not do so in time to set for the ball. Luckily, even in the growing darkness, he saw it coming a twisting, whirling hop off a hard-baked diamond. Instinctively he put up his hands to protect himself and fend off the ball. It forced back his arms and drove his gloved hand hard against his nose and eyes, stunning him momentarily.

Sick at being fooled on the play, he clutched at the ball for a throw to first, but realized it was too late. The lying Hawkins seemed safe already. And as he clutched for the leather it seemed to elude him. He could not hold it. Suppose that man on first tries for third! Without waiting to see whether the runner would charge for the hot corner, Jimmy whirled and dived for the bag.

"Nice stop! The old head, by George!" But things moved faster than Coach Phillips could express his thoughts, as he squirmed on the bench in excitement.

Jimmy scrambled to the bag in time to head off and touch the runner, who came in so fast he could not stop. Then, whirling past the base line toward left field, Jim turned about sideways and threw to second base on the chance Hawkins might try to take advantage of the scramble at the hot corner.

"Had his nerve! Look, look!" muttered Phillips. "Got him! Yay, rhinies!"

But the coach's outburst was not a second ahead of the uproar from the rhinies over Jimmy's nervy stop and quickly-thought-out double play. The third varsity hitter grounded out, and the rhinies had won!

"That doesn't sell any papers," chuckled Phillips to himself. "They'll lick us next time. But they can't lick my quarterback. I've got a quarterback. Old Hot Corner Jimmy! Now I'll have to get hold of Hawkins and make him lay off Byers. The lad is too good for him. Gotta have him, in there behind Hot Corner Jimmy, next fall!"

Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, trying to explain the play to each other, gave it up and took out their enthusiasm beating Jimmy on the back, all the way to the gymnasium. But Jimmy, as he limped along, could only wish his torn ankle quit hurting.

"Where's Hot Corner Jimmy?" yelled Coach Phillips a little later, entering the freshman locker room with a kit in his hand. The great coach himself dressed and bandaged Jimmy's lacerated ankle, as tenderly as if the boy were already his dependable, prized quarterback.

And "Hot Corner Jimmy" was the word with which Les and Billy introduced him at dinner to the Al-

phomegas. Later they told the whole story of Jim's day with Dory Hawkins, while Jimmy Byers blushed and fidgeted.

"I'll get that big tramp," declared big Hilly Hilligoss, varsity football star.

"I'll get him first," asserted Jake, his younger but huskier brother.

"You'll have to beat us to him," said Les and Billy at once.

"You fellows keep out. This is my private fight," grinned Jimmy. "And besides, it's all over now."

"But the shouting," said Les.

"Hawkins will yell his head off for a long time," added Billy.—Jonathan Brooks in *Youth's Companion*.

CARLYLE TO HIS MOTHER

"No able man ever had a fool for a mother," said sharp-tongued, clear-minded Thomas Carlyle. Neither did any good man have a bad woman for a mother. It would be simple enough to find a hundred expressions of love and gratitude that famous sons have written about the mothers that bore and bred them, but is not all that they could say summed up in this charming letter written by Carlyle to his mother on his birthday?

"Dear old mother, weak and sick and dear to me, what a day this has been in my solitary thoughts! For except a few words to Jane I have not spoken to anyone, nor indeed hardly seen anyone, it being dusk and dark before I went out—a dim, silent Sabbath day, the sky foggy, dark with damp, and a universal stillness the consequence, and it is this day gone fifty-eight years that I was born. And my poor mother! Well, we are all in God's hands; surely God is good. Surely he ought to trust Him, or what's there for the sons of men? O my dear mother, let it ever be a comfort to you, however, weak you are, that you did your part honorably and well while in strength and were a noble mother to me and to us all. I am now myself grown old, and have various things to do and suffer for so many years that there is nothing I ever had to be so much thankful for as the mother I had. That is a truth which I know well, and perhaps this day again it may be some comfort to you. Yes, surely, for if there has been any good in the things I have uttered in the world's hearing, it was your voice essentially that was speaking through me, essentially what you and my brave father meant and taught me to mean; this was the purport of all I spoke and wrote. And if in the few years that may remain to me I am to get any more written for the world, the essence of it, so far as it's worthy and good, will still be yours.

"May God reward you, dearest mother, for all you have done for me. I never can. Ah, no, but will think of it with gratitude and pious love so long as I have the power of thinking, and I will pray God's blessing on you now and always."

WHERE DO ELEPHANTS DIE

One of the great mysteries of the natural history world is where elephants go when they die. Curiously enough the body of an elephant that had died from natural causes has never been discovered either in India or Africa. Among native races there is a widespread belief that, when the great beasts feel the end approaching, they make their way to some secret hiding-place in which to die. The whole question is just as big a mystery as ever, in spite of the fact that many attempts have been made to solve the problem. The districts where elephants live in a wild state have been scoured in all directions in the hope of discovering the last resting place of the huge animals, but without any result. Quite recently another determined attempt has been made to penetrate the mystery, but, up to the present, nothing of any value has been discovered. As a matter of fact the problem has more than a scientific interest to it. Any individual who is so fortunate as to find the elephants' grave-yard will certainly have made a fortune. On this spot there must be a huge accumulation of ivory, a commodity which is continually increasing in value.—*Scientific American*.

Deaf Mutes' Journal

NEW YORK, JULY 26, 1928.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at 1635 Street and Fort Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS.

One Copy, one year, \$2.00
To Canada and Foreign Countries, .. \$2.50

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions, and business letters, to be sent to the

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Station M, New York City.

"He's true to God who's true to man;
Whenever wrong is done
To the humblest and the weakest
'Neath the all-beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us,
And they are slaves most base,
Whose love of right is for themselves,
And not for all the race."

Notice concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged at the rate of ten cents a line.

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

ORAL TEACHERS of the deaf very often triumphantly assert that they do not know the manual alphabet, as it is erroneously supposed to hinder their efforts in teaching speech and lip-reading. Helping out a pupil by handwriting is permissible, but any manual spelling is regarded by the majority of these pure-oral experts as a crime. For isn't it the first-cousin to the sign-language?

A little thought will enable any objector to see that handwriting on paper or the slates is similar to the manual alphabet; the only difference being that spelling on the fingers is writing in the air.

There are in the world over four hundred alphabets. Most of them are very complicated and contain numerous characters.

The Chinese alphabet contains several thousand characters, making it extremely difficult for any one to write or read.

Those who speak with authority say the complicated Chinese system is the chief explanation of the backwardness of the country. Few can spare the time to learn to read and write, so the vast majority live and die in ignorance of the world's storehouse of knowledge.

If this is so, then conversely it must be true that the ingenuity which led to the invention of the simple alphabet we use, consisting of only twenty-six characters, was one of the greatest accomplishments of all time.

The more you think about it the more wonderful does our alphabet appear to be. With our alphabet any child of nine or ten can learn to read and write in a few months. With this much learning, the printed record of men's thoughts of all ages is open to him.

The group of characters that make up the words of the Greek language, begin: Alpha, beta, gamma, delta, etc. From the two first—alpha and beta—the English word Alphabet has been constructed.

Of the twenty-six letters of the English Alphabet, five are vowels—*a, e, i, o, u* (and sometimes *w* and *y*).

The vowels have a sound in themselves. Consonants, as their name indicates, have no sound by themselves; they are a modifying force when combined with vowels to form syllables and words.

The alphabet we use was invented by the Phoenicians, a nation of business men, about three thousand years ago.

The manual alphabet was used by De l'Epee in his pioneer efforts to bring enlightenment to the minds of the deaf. But he did not invent the manual alphabet. The researches of the late Dr. Gordon, of Gallaudet College, have revealed the fact that the manual alphabet was invented by monks, under vows of silence, to communicate with one another.

With the deaf the manual alphabet is a great aid in many ways—educationally, socially, and in absorbing correct spelling and grammatical language. The gestures which invariably accompany it in general conversation are a relief to the eyes and quite potent to the mind—and, as Shakespeare says: "It is the mind that makes the body rich."

PAUL SANDUSKY DIES.

HURLED TO DEATH BY AUTO COLLISION

Paul J. Sandusky, aged thirty-six, died in the Rome, N. Y., Hospital Sunday afternoon, as a result of injuries suffered when he was hurled through the rear window of his automobile late Saturday afternoon, July 14th.

The victim was going east in W. Bloomfield Street, when his coupe was struck by a sedan driven by Godfrey Regetz, of Rome, who was going north in Madison Street.

Unconscious, Mr. Sandusky was rushed in the city ambulance to the Rome Hospital, where little hope was held out for his recovery. Mr. Regetz was arrested Sunday afternoon on a technical charge of assault, second degree. On arraignment before City Judge T. J. McNamara, he said he did not see the car until he struck it.

Both cars in the accident were completely wrecked. Mr. Sandusky's car turned half way around and hurled into a telephone pole. Mr. Regetz's car went on over the curb and into the lawn of Roy P. Newell.

Paul Johann Sandusky was born in Utica, January 12th, 1892, the son of John and the late Caroline Sandusky, and had lived here all his life. He was educated in the Rome School for the Deaf, was a printer and for more than two years was in the composing room of the Utica Daily Press.

He was a member of local 62, Typographical Union, and treasurer of Utica Lodge, National Fraternal Order of the Deaf.

Nine years ago Mr. Sandusky married Jennie Hilts, of Rome, who survives with his father; one daughter, enette; three sisters, Mrs. Anna Freshour, Utica; Mrs. Oscar Taylor, Yorkville; and Mrs. Joseph Dunster, Hamilton; two brothers, Charles and Henry, both of Utica, and several nieces and nephew and aunts and uncles.

Funeral services were held from the home of his father-in-law, Walter Hilts, 511 W. Bloomfield Street, Wednesday afternoon, July 18th, at 7 o'clock. Rev. Edmund H. Carhart, pastor of Zion Episcopal Church of Rome, and Rev. H. C. Merrill, of Syracuse, officiated.

There were floral tributes from relatives, friends and neighbors of Utica, relatives and friends in Rome, Utica Daily Press Chapel, Utica Daily Press Company, Utica Typographical Union, Utica Division of N. F. S. D., No. 45, Syracuse Division of the N. F. S. D., No. 48, and the Alumni Association of the Rome School for the Deaf and many others.

The bearers were John Thomas, Herkimer, Richard McCabe, Thomas Kissella, Seymour Richardson, and John Stahl, all of Utica, and Dennis Costello, of Rome.

There were relatives and friends present from Utica, Syracuse, Oneida, Hamilton, Canajoharie, Boonville and Yorkville.

Interment was made in Rome cemetery.

Mr. Sandusky was an experienced and careful driver, and his deafness does not appear to have been a contributing cause to the accident. He was going slowly and indications are that the other car was traveling rapidly. The family have engaged James T. Cross, a prominent attorney of Rome, and the son-in-law of the late Harry White, to protect their interests.

MORRO SCENES SECURED FOR NOTED GALLERY

MORRO BAY, July 9th.—Three etchings of Morro Bay and vicinity have been acquired by the French government and will be hung in the Musée du Luxembourg.

Such is the information received by Charles H. Robinson, of Morro Bay, from Cadwallader Washburn, of Mentone, France, world-famous etcher, who has had ten prints accepted for the French museum.

Among these prints, he informed Mr. Robinson, are three belonging to the Morro Bay series, entitled: "Descending Road," "Tidewaters of Morro Bay," and "Makers of Grain."

Mr. Washburn spent three years sketching in the Morro Bay district, during which time he completed the Morro Bay series now being recognized by the French government. He left here last year for Paris, where his work is being shown at nineteen Rue Caumartin, at the present time.

LOSES A THUMB

Richard Levan, of Elmira, N. Y., had the misfortune to lose his left thumb on July 4th, while cleaning out a toy cannon. It is reported that his sight was also impaired. This is all the more distressing in view of his recently announced engagement to an estimable young lady of Washington, D. C.

Canadian News

News items for this column, and subscriptions, may be sent to Herbert W. Roberts, 278 Armadale Ave., Toronto, Ont.

TORONTO TIDINGS

Mr. Peter McDougall, of Limoges, motored up for our convention and remained here with his sister until July 11th. On his way up he brought along Mrs. Gerald Hubbard, the Misses Nellie and Rosa Brigham and their brother, Murray, all of Ottawa. They all returned the same way except Nellie, who went home earlier by train.

Mrs. H. W. Roberts and her guest, Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton, of Horning Mills, visited Mr. and Mrs. Geo. W. Reeves on July 9th, and were pleasantly entertained. They were surprised to find Mr. Reeves, who runs his own printing office, very busy tackling the large volume of orders and which give him a great amount of work. We are sorry to say that Mrs. Reeves' mother, Mrs. Zingg, is still very feeble and aging rapidly.

We regret to say that at time of writing Mrs. John Ellis is still lingering on a cot in the Western Hospital, where she has been for weeks past.

Mr. William White, of Chicago, returned to this city, on July 11th, after a trip down to Belleville, Montreal, and Quebec City, following the close of our convention. While in Quebec he was greatly taken up by its quaint old environments and the beauty of the Plains of Abraham, where the Immortal General Wolfe defeated General Montcalm and put Canada under British suzerainty. Down in Belleville, Mr. White visited the place of his birth, for he was born there when it was a town of about 800 souls. To day it has a population close on to 18,000. Here he saw our old school built and often ran over to see the masons at work, back in 1870. Mr. White left on July 12th, for his home in the "Windy City," making calls at Guelph, Galt, Kitchener, Stratford, Sarnia, Port Huron and Detroit, en route, resuming his old job on July 16th.

A dozen of her friends assembled at "Mora Glen" in the evening of July 11th, to bid Mrs. Thomas A. Middleton good-bye, ere she left next morning for her home at Horning Mills. A very social time was enjoyed by all, followed by refreshments. At time of writing, Mrs. A. C. Shepherd underwent an operation for the removal of a tumor, at Wellesley Hospital, and is resting nicely. We hope she will successfully pull through. Mr. and Mrs. John McGillivray, of Purpleville, were guests of their daughter, at "Mora Glen," and also Mr. Neil A. McGillivray, for over a week lately. Mr. Anival Shepherd, only and deaf son of Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Shepherd, left on July 14th, with his dad's two sisters, for their summer cottage at Wasaga Beach, for his vacation.

The Saturday evening entertainment of our convention, and the names of those who came to our big gathering, will appear in your next issue.

Mr. W. W. Scott returned to his duties here on July 8th, after a week's holidays at Wellandport. Mrs. Scott remaining there a little longer. While away, Mr. Scott, accompanied by his brother-in-law, Gordon Heaslip and two cousins, went fishing on July 4th to Port Maitland, on the Grand River, and made a good catch of perch. Wesley is some angler.

CONVENTION COMMENT

Much regret was expressed of the inability of Mr. John Berry, of Royal Oak, Mich., to come and address our convention on Sunday. He had high hopes of coming, but at the eleventh hour he found it impossible to get away. However, he has promised to come before long.

Warmest greetings for the success of the convention were received the Fraternal and D. A. D. Clubs of Detroit; Mr. John Berry, of Royal Oak, Mich.; Mr. and Mrs. George P. Riley, of Victoria, B. C.; Rupert Williams, of Saskatoon; Charles Golds and the deaf of Vancouver; Mr. and Mrs. Noah Labelle, of Fort Qu'Appelle, Sask.; Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Wood, of Santa Barbara, Cal.; Editor Hodgson, of the JOURNAL, Mr. and Mrs. Ursula Johnson, of Barrie; Mrs. John A. Moynihan, of Waterloo; and others. We thank all for their good wishes.

Miss Alma Brown was exceedingly pleased to have her deaf brother with her during the convention. He played on the team that were runners up for the big "Melon."

The only inconvenience the members encountered was the terrible heat, that was almost unbearable. But for this, the meetings and sports would have been more largely attended.

At a meeting of the local committee back in December, the writer predicted that there would be around four hundred members present at this gathering. As there were but nine short of the mark, your correspondent was not far in the bush. As usual, our genial old friend, Mr. George F. Stewart, editor of the Canadian, was with us throughout the meet. He has been at every convention for a long time past. The deaf hold him in the highest regard.

Mr. A. W. Mason was made a life member, amid the plaudits of all, who expressed much regret that such

an honor was not bestowed upon him at the last Belleville convention, when he was rightfully entitled to such. We also regret Mrs. Mason did not live to see her husband thus honored.

Probably the two delegates who came the longest distance to attend this convention were William White, of Chicago, who generally gives many a treat, and Mr. Archie McLaren, of New York City; Mr. David Bayne, of Ottawa, was conspicuously missing.

After the convention was over, Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Lobsinger went up to the former's old home at Mildmay, where they visited relatives in that vicinity for a while, before returning to their home in Detroit.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Cowan and their family motored down for our convention and made their abode in a camp on the Humber River, on the west limits of the city. Their children are all adept in the sign-language and were often mistaken for their deaf friends by many of the delegates.

It was so kind of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Jones, of Palgrave, to bring Miss Madeline Elliott, of Bolton, to our services on convention Sunday. Miss Elliott, who is a helpless cripple, certainly enjoyed herself meeting many of her old schoolmates. The Joneses assumed the roll of good samaritans.

The whole Lloyd family of Brantford, parents, children and grandchildren, were out to the big gathering and Howard Lloyd was one of the most active participants in the convention affairs.

ST. THOMAS SORTINGS

Mr. and Mrs. John F. Fisher, of London, Sundayed with George and Mrs. Munroe on July 8th, yet the former failed to sport that bow-tie he took out of this city in a competition last year.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Smalldon motored to Dutton the other day to see Miss Flora McMillan, who is not enjoying the best of health at present, but here's hoping for a speedy return to the goal of normal health.

Miss Mabel Cook, of Aylmer, came up to attend the Gwater-Roberts nuptials on July 2d, and returned next day with Miss Kathleen Gwater, who spent a fortnight with her.

Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Deary and two children and Mr. Antois, all of Chatham, dropped down on us recently, then paid London a visit before returning home.

Mr. and Mrs. Lionel Berthiaume, (nee Mary Hodgins), of Windsor, dropped into our midst on July 3d, after an extended wedding trip, leaving later in the evening, on the M. C. R. R. Rier, for their new home.

Mr. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London, came into town to see the Senior Inter-City baseball team of his city trim St. Thomas in a league game, but failed to get his wish gratified and is now wondering if the "Forest City" aggregation will be able to beat the Saints the season.

No one from this city was able to get away and attend the Toronto convention, on account of business reasons, much to our regret. Work has first call, and must be done in these days of competition, and the manufacturers have to please customers in order to hold their patronage.

Mr. and Mrs. George R. Munroe and Miss Rita Windrim took a trip to Port Stanley (so called the Coney Island of Ontario), on July 7th, to see the sports programme of a picnic in progress there, as well as the girls' soft ball game. Later they ran across Mrs. W. H. Gould, Jr., of London; and Miss Blanche Brewer, of Bothwell; both of whom were in gleeful spirits.

A surprise party was tendered Mr. Edward Paul on June 23d, exactly three days ahead of time. About twenty-five were present, including a number, who horned their way in. Many beautiful and useful presents were received by Ned, who was agreeably surprised. Games and conversation, with a dainty repast, vied with the fleeting hours and then all dispersed for the waiting arms of Morpheus on the stroke of midnight, well satisfied with the evening's entertainment.

Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ball and Mrs. Pansy Seigler, of Detroit, and Mrs. John Berry, of Royal Oak, Mich., were a jolly bunch of motorists who stopped over night here with your sub-correspondent on July 4th, and left early next morning for home, in order that the two gentlemen in the party could be at their respective jobs on time. All were loud in their praise of the good time they had at the Toronto Convention.

Deciding to run in double harness, two of our young friends finally took to the matrimonial waters, and here goes their venture. At 139 Manitoba Street in this city, on July 2d, a pretty wedding took place, when Mr. Fred Gwater, sister of the groom, while this place and Miss Florence Lily Roberts, of Toronto, were made one by the Rev. George Creagh. The bride was supported by Miss Irene Gwater, sister of the groom, while Harry Gwater was bestman for his brother. The parents of the bride were present, as well as all the deaf of St. Thomas. After a swell wedding feast, various games took place on the lawn, followed by a motor ride to Port Stanley. All unite in wishing the newly weds every happiness and prosperity. The couple will reside in St. Thomas. Both are recent graduates of the Belleville School.

LONG BRANCH LOCALS

On July 8th, Mrs. George J. Timponson and a few friends enjoyed a delightful motor ride to Huntsville Park. All the deaf of this burg took in the big convention in Toronto and report a grand and jolly time.

The two children of Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timponson captured prizes in the running events at their Sunday School picnic, held at Centre Island on July 7th.

Mr. William Theakston and family, of Thornbury, came down recently with another carload of friends and spent a pleasant visit his sister, Mrs. Charles McLaren.

Mr. and Mrs. N. D. O'Neil were much disappointed that the former's sister, Mary, did not come down from Myrtle Point, Washington, for the big Toronto Convention. However, they were glad of a visit from the latter's brother, Mr. Norman Yeager, his wife and children, of Windsor, at that time.

On Sunday, July 8th, Mr. George J. Timponson was delighted with a visit from his brother and sister-in-law, who motored out from Toronto, with a couple of other relatives.

The condition of Mrs. George Elliott's father remains the same at the hospital.

The Parkland Women's Welfare League held a delightful outing to Washago, on July 4th, and Mrs. George J. Timponson was lucky to carry off second prize in the straight race.

Two jolly carloads of pleasure seekers, including Mr. and Mrs. George J. Timponson and two sons, Mr. and Mrs. Howard and Mrs. Charles McLaren, motored out to Raglan the other day and spent a pleasant time with Mr. George S. McLaren and the Ormiston family.

During the recent convention in Toronto, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Bartley had a visit from Miss Clara Hartley, of Milton.

Mr. Joseph Rosnick, wife and child, of Toronto, are occupying their summer cottage on the lake front here at present, and have been entertaining their friends in the regular way, including Mrs. Jack Stein, of Toronto, Miss Doris Davis, of St. John's, Que., and Harry Oliver, of Montreal.

GENERAL GLEANINGS

Mr. John Taylor, of Singhampton, went with the Orangemen to Stayner on the glorious 12th.

After taking in the Toronto Convention Miss Edna Carruthers, of Montreal, went on a visit to North Bay and Northern Ontario, and will return home via the transcontinental line, formerly the Grand Trunk Pacific through Mattawa.

On their way home from the Toronto Convention, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Ball, Mr. and Mrs. William Riberdy, Mrs. John Berry and Mrs. Pansy Seigler, of Detroit, stopped over to visit friends and relatives in London, St. Thomas, and Aylmer. After arriving home, Mr. and Mrs. Riberdy left for Toledo and Fostoria, Ohio, to spend the week-end of July 7th with old friends.

While his wife was visiting in Toronto, Mr. James Green, of Chesley, spent the week-end of July 7th with Mr. and Mrs. Robert McMaster, in Wiarton.

Just twenty-four years ago, on June 20th last, Mr. David Smith Luddy and Miss Anna May Allendorf, then living in Toronto, after their graduating from the Belleville School, decided to journey through life together. Today they are sharing in this world's happiness and prosperity in Sunny California, surrounded by a family of six intelligent and normal children.

Miss Clara Sherk and Mrs. E. Sherk, of South Cayuga, accompanied by some cousins, motored to Niagara Falls, on July 3d, to meet the Toronto Convention delegates and join in their big outing. They were so pleased to see many familiar faces once more.

Mr. Cyrus Youngs, after working for Mr. Samuel Averall, of Cookstown, until Samuel sold his farm, went out and hired for a farmer near Ballieboro, in Peterboro County. Cyrus informed your reporter that he may go west in August with the harvesters.

HERBERT W. ROBERTS.

DIED

Mary Matilda Offner Gross, wife of William Gross, of Rochester, N. Y., died suddenly on Sunday afternoon, July 1st and was buried Tuesday July 3d. The Rev. Herbert C. Merrill, of Syracuse, officiating. Mrs. Gross was married twice, her first husband being John Holland and by whom she had two daughters. She had one daughter by Mr. Gross, a bright little girl about four years ago.

The busy bee may not be so busy as she is supposed to be. Entomologists who have been checking the flights of a number of marked bees, have found that each insect makes on an average only five or six trips a day for honey, and that each trip lasts only about fifteen minutes. Between trips a bee spends half an hour or more in the hive and gives at least half the day to uninterrupted rest. Moreover, it appears that the hardest workers live about three weeks, whereas some of the lazier ones survive for five months. The discovery will be a great comfort to members of the Sons of Rest everywhere.

BUFFALO

Anyone interested in the 1930 N. A. D. convention, and desiring information and free literature should write to A. L. Sedlowsky, Secretary Convention Committee, 89 Walnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y. News from outlying sections of Buffalo and Western New York intended for this column should be sent to same address.

Subscriptions to JOURNAL and renewals of subscriptions may be sent to Mr. A. Sedlowsky, who will forward same to the JOURNAL office.

Mr. Joseph Kick, of Rochester, was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hunt during the week of July 7th to 14th, spending his vacation here.

Among the visitors in Buffalo last week was Mr. McCarthy, of Toronto, Ont., who remained here over the week-end and took in the Frat picnic on Saturday, July 14th.

Our popular man-about-town, Edward Connors, has decided to eschew the Indians who frequent Men's Hotel. He informed us that he is going into business for himself. On August 1st, Edward is opening his new cafe at South and Louisiana Streets. He extends a cordial invitation to all the deaf people of Buffalo and nearby centers. Fine food will be his specialty and good companionship will be added for good measure. We expect to find Edward's cafe the mecca of the deaf people of Western New York. By the way, Edward is an amateur fighter of no little ability. He has matched mitts with most of the leading amateurs in Buffalo and came out victor. We predict that he will be useful to the Local Committee in charge of the N. A. D. convention.

Secretary Sedlowsky of the N. A. D. Convention Local Committee reports that he has received several enquiries about the convention from foreign countries. The latest came from England and Ireland. There isn't a doubt but that this will be a real World Congress of the Deaf.

Because a lot of the Kicuwa Club members will be away on their vacations during the week of September 15th, the officers have decided to cancel that date for their annual picnic. The picnic will be held in August.

Russell Martina, boys' supervisor at the St. Mary's School for the Deaf, is working as a sign-painter during the vacation period. He informed us that he is purchasing a car shortly. This will enable him to take in all deaf social affairs and picnics in Western New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Snyder and daughter, of Lockport, have returned from their vacation, which started on June 30th. They visited Philadelphia, Pa.; Baltimore, Md.; Washington, D. C.; Harrisburg and other parts of Pennsylvania. They got back just in time to attend the Rochester picnic at Horseshoe Lake, Batavia, on Sunday, July 15th. Charles looks a bit bronzed. He tells us they had a most wonderful time and regretted returning to the daily grind.

Miss Charlotte Schwager, of Ebenezer, has extended her vacation another week. She spent the week of July 15th-21st, with friends in Auburn, N. Y. We met her at the Rochester picnic in Batavia on Sunday, July 15th, looking bright and cheery as per usual.

The friends and Frat brothers of Mr. Arthur LeBar, Jr., of La Salle, were shocked at the news of his sudden death on Wednesday, July 11th, from complication after an operation for appendicitis. The first one to hear of it here in Buffalo, was Frat Treasurer James J. Coughlin, who made haste to notify Mr. Frank Krahling, President of Division, No. 40, N. F. S. D. The funeral was held from the LeBar home in La Salle on Saturday, July 14th. Pall-bearers were: Messrs. James, Dan and Leo Coughlin, Rataczak, Ulrich and Knorr. Among the deaf people who attended the funeral were the Misses Palmgreen, Iva and Mabel Ford, Breitenbach; Messrs. Clemens, Kluege, Gorenflo; Mr. and Mrs. James Coughlin, Mr. and Mrs. Knorr, Mr. and Mrs. Fisher. The Frats honored their dead brother with a beautiful floral piece in form of the well-known Frat emblem. With the passing of Mr. LeBar, the Grim Reaper gathered in one of the brightest and best liked young man in local deaf circles. Mr. LeBar left a sorrowing wife, child, mother, sister and brothers, to whom the deaf people of Buffalo and Western New York extend their sympathy and condolences. He was a hard-working young man, with a flourishing business of his own at the time of his untimely demise.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Elmer Davis, of Plymouth Avenue, returned to town on July 14th, after a two weeks' vacation, with the former's father and sister in Atlantic City, N. J. The couple appear quite tanned and report they had the time of their lives. Both attended the Frat picnic upon arrival.

Mr. F. McCarthy, of Detroit, was in town for several days, renewing friendly relations with the deaf here. He's an ex-Buffalonian, educated at St. Mary's School for the Deaf. A lot of his former schoolmates made his visit a joyous one. Mac seems to be doing pretty well in Detroit.

Saturday, July 14th, dawned murky and dreary. The weather was threatening throughout the day, with

showers now and then. The eleventh annual picnic of N. F. S. D., No. 40, took place that afternoon at Schafer's Grove, just outside the city limits. The weather kept down the attendance; only eighty people risked the elements. The scheduled games had to be postponed. Nonetheless those who braved the weather enjoyed themselves fully. We hear the Frats managed to make a fair profit from the event.

On Sunday, July 15th, we journeyed to Batavia and attended the Rochester deaf's picnic at Horseshoe Lake. Messrs. Todd and Klock must have prayed all night for a beautiful day. In any case, the day was ideal for such an affair, a warming sun with cooling breezes, which made one glad to be alive. After lunch, games were played. Later on there was a mixed baseball game, captained by Messrs. Lansing and Leary. The girls proved themselves adept batsmen. Mr. Leary's team batted the ball all around the lot at will. The score-keeper finally gave up in desperation and Lansing's team gave it up in disgust, after seeing the opposition score pile up in box-car figures. There were about 200 people present, most of them driving down in their own cars. There were parties from Buffalo, Lockport, Niagara Falls, Kenmore and Tonawanda present, besides the crowd from Rochester. The day's activities were topped off with a cool swim in Horseshoe Lake, indulged in by the younger generation and watched by the older people with relish. The unconscious comedy stunts pulled by Messrs. Nowak and Sedlowsky, of Buffalo, gave the watchers a hearty laugh. One of the high-lights of the day was the diving for coins tossed in by the watchers. All Sedlowsky gathered from that sort of sport was a feeling of "mal-de-mer," caused when he swallowed about a gallon water. A wonderful time was had by all.

While at Horseshoe Lake, we had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Bernard Teitelbaum, a teacher in the Pittsburgh, Pa., School for the Deaf, who had hiked to Rochester from that city. We found him a quiet and refined young man, whose talk was entertaining as well as interesting. We believe he is staying in Rochester for a couple of weeks, before continuing his travels eastward.

Rochester Division, No. 40, N. F. S. D., extends a cordial invitation to all the deaf of Western New York to attend their fourteenth annual frat picnic, in Westminster Park at West Henrietta, N. Y., on Sunday, August 12th. The committee in charge have planned a real gala affair. A fine sport programme is carded; and there will be plenty of free eats, as well as a large number of prizes. Here's how drivers may get there: Drive south via Scottsville Road to the Ballentyne Bridge, cross the Genesee River and turn right on River Road; drive two miles until you see the sign "Westminster Park" on the right. Tickets may be obtained from any Rochester Frat, or write to H. Legrand Klock, 185 Alexander Street, Rochester, N. Y.

For a royal good time attend the picnic to be given by the Local Committee in charge of the N. A. D. Convention, to be held on Saturday afternoon, August 25th, at Schafer's Grove, E. Delavan at City Line. This is the first affair given by the committee; and judging by preparations now under way it promises to be a real good one. Activities start about noon and will last until late at night. Mr. Henry C. Zink is chairman, assisted by Miss Agnes Palmgreen. Mr. Russell Martina will be in charge of the games. We hear that a number of local merchants are donating handsome prizes, which are worth striving for. Several new innovations will be introduced, and a good time promised. The charge is very low, only twenty-five cents, children free. Don't worry about bringing your lunch, as the committee will have an array of fine cooks on the ground. Said food will be prepared by the best cooks in local deaf circles. Cold drinks, ice-cream and candy, will also be handy. So fine are the preparations that the committee feels tempted to offer to refund money to those not satisfied. Last week 300 tickets went on sale; and judging by the way they sell, additional tickets will be printed. Get your tickets from any member of the Local Convention Committee or write to Secretary Sedlowsky, 89 Walnut Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The heavy rainstorm here on Saturday, June 23d, was the direct cause of the death of Mr. Richard Evans, brother of Mrs. James J. Coughlin, of Walnut Street. Mr. Evans was putting a boat in his father's boathouse on the Niagara River, when the raging waters capsize the boat, hurling him into the flood. He was an excellent swimmer, but had no chance to exercise his powers, as his head struck a submerged log, knocking him unconscious. He sank ankle-deep into the mud. It wasn't until the following day that the police succeeded in recovering his body. It was a sad blow to Mrs. Coughlin, as well as to all her family. Condolences and words of sympathy still keep pouring in as Mrs. Coughlin is deservedly popular with all the deaf people here, and her brother was well-known.

S.

Everyone likes to encourage honest and intelligent enthusiasm.

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest

BRONX FRATS OUTING AND GAMES

The second picnic and games of the season was held at Hoffman's Casino Park, Havemeyer Avenue, Unionport, the Bronx, on Saturday, July 21st.

This was under the auspices of the Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., it being their fifth annual picnic and games. The place by this time has become familiar, as the Bronx boys held their fourth annual there last year, and the Manhattan Division, No. 87, last month held forth at this place.

The Arrangement Committee of this Bronx Division were: Joseph Durant, Chairman; Edward Shannon, Vice-Chairman; Albert Lazar, Secretary; Edward Bonvillain, Treasurer.

The committee and several other members who assisted them wore little brown hats, being imitations of Al Smith's brown derby. They were all alike, expect that the lettering indicated the rank of their standing, such as "Chairman," "Vice-Chairman," etc.

They were kept busy all the afternoon and evening, looking after the arrangement of the games, bowling contest, popularity contest, attending to the gate and many other details. They seemed a busy lot.

The attendance, up to about six o'clock, was about one hundred, and two young men from the Century Flashlight Photographers, Inc., who came up early to take a group of pictures, gave up in disgust and left at about that hour, without taking any pictures at all.

But by seven o'clock they began to come in, and all told the attendance must have been nearly four hundred.

During the afternoon the following games were carried out in the park of the Casino. The winners were:—

Balloon Blowing Contest for children.—Won by Miss Juliet Romeo and Master Bernard Nichter.

Backward Walking Race.—Won by Miss Marjorie Berger.

Twin Hopping Race.—Won by Messrs. Max Hoffman and Arthur L. Taber.

Rope Skipping for ladies.—Won by Miss Florence Schornstein. Time, 4 minutes.

Rope Skipping for men.—Won by John Whately. Time, 5 minutes.

The winners in the bowling contest for the \$25.00 cash prizes were as follows: Thomas H. Lynam \$10, William Hausman \$5, Samuel Marcus \$4, John Martin \$3, Henry Gobel \$2, Lorraine Pease \$1.

The popularity contest was kept up till ten o'clock. All were privileged to vote, at one cent a vote. The winners were: Mrs. Matthew Blake, with 522 votes, received first prize, a beautiful toilet set. Mrs. Emma Nichter, with 338 votes, received second prize, a handsome ladies' handbag. Miss Betty Nooger, with 321 votes, received a cash prize, the amount of which was not made known.

Dancing, afternoon and evening, was enjoyed by many.

The committee in charge deserve praise for their interesting work. It was even better in every way than their last year's picnic at the same place.

The officers of Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D., are: Joseph Collins, President; A. Rubano, Vice-President; A. Lazar, Secretary; E. P. Bonvillain, Treasurer; J. Cail, Director; Fred Berger, Patriarch; W. Radebold, Sergeant-at-Arms; H. Rubin, J. Ebin and F. Bohn, Trustees.

Henry J. Muller and Hannah Wieblitz were married in the rectory of St. Ann's Church, on the afternoon of Wednesday, June 20th, the Rev. John H. Kent officiating. Mr. Carl Hast and Mrs. Carrie Hast were the attendants and the few guests present were, besides the vicar's family, Mrs. Benjamin Denison and Mrs. Jane Casella. After the ceremony a wedding breakfast was served at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Hast, and then the couple departed for two weeks' sojourn in Medford, Long Island. They will make their future home in this city. The groom is well known in this city and is an expert cabinet-maker. He is a member of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, and in his younger days was one of the outstanding athletes in silent circles. The bride was educated in Germany, coming to this country with her family when she was a child. For many years she has lived in Newark, N. J.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred E. Brossard and children, of New Brunswick, N. J., motored in the family Velie to the Catskill Mountains last week and enjoyed a visit to West Saugerties. Mrs. Brossard was Helen Worth of Fanwood, and has two fine boys, eight and six years old, respectively.

Over forty attended the Complimentary Dinner given to Mr. Edward Lefi, at the Hotel Lorraine, Broadway and 77th Street, on Saturday evening, July 21st.

Mr. Lefi although not feeling well, graced the affair with his presence.

He was presented with a fine Morris chair, amid some clever speeches and general hilarity. Mr. E. Souweine had charge of the affair, and many more would have been present had not previous engagements prevented.

Joseph Abramowitz, who has been sick since last May, we learn, is greatly improved, and his friends hope he will keep on improving and be able to mingle once more with them, especially at the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, where he is one of the jolliest.

Last week at Rockway John Seltzer was rescued by a life guard from a supposed drowning. Jackie says the water was only waist deep where he was standing. Hescramed and held up his hands, to attract his friends, and the life-guard mistook it for a danger signal. So this is how Jackie was saved from drowning at Rockaway, July, 1928.

Jack S. Stark is now at his home in Brooklyn, N. Y., after over two months in the hospital with a fractured leg. He is in fine health and can walk slowly with a cane. He will visit his cousins in Bridgeport, Ct., till the second week in August.

Mrs. Ludwig Fischer and daughter, Malvine, are spending their summer vacation in White Lake (seven miles from Monticello). They will remain there till September 1st. Ludwig was with them for a week.

The JOURNAL office had for visitors last week Mr. and Mrs. Kessler, of Florida, and Mr. and Mrs. Kennedy, of Tennessee.

OHIO

Only three couples were brave enough in Columbus to start out on matrimonial life on Friday, the thirteenth and one couple was Mr. Lewis C. LaFountain and Miss Evelyn N. Sayre. Mr. LaFountain since his graduation at Gallaudet has been a teacher in the Ohio school. Both he and his bride are graduates of our school. The couple left by motor for a trip, probably spending some time in Cincinnati, where Mrs. LaFountain's sister, Mrs. Howard Weber, resides. Friends are wishing them a happy life.

Messrs. Zorn, Beckert, Ohlemacher and Mesdames Ohlemacher and Charles were at the Home Sunday, to plan for the booth for the picture film. They decided to call in Mr. Herman Cook, the contractor, and see what a booth will cost.

Mr. Grover Burcham also called at the Home, but spent his time chatting with the men residents of Wornstaff Hall, as he is too bashful to be among the women.

Mr. Conrad Zorbaugh underwent his second operation last week, and is getting along all right, for all his advanced age of 89.

Mrs. Carrie Butler Smith, of Youngstown, called on her old friend, Mrs. P. Pratt, at the Home.

The Dayton Branch, No. 8, N. F. S. D., gave its first annual picnic July 15th, and met with a flattering success socially and financially. It was estimated that about 250 deaf people were present. Indiana sent a delegation of at least fifty and Ohio cities and neighboring towns were well represented.

The day proved an ideal one for outdoor sports, which were entered into with much pep. The "Kitten" baseball, between the Dayton branch and a picked nine of outsiders, resulted in the score of 11 to 0 in favor of the Dayton nine.

The Dayton Branch, No. 8, N. F. S. D., gave its first annual picnic July 15th, and met with a flattering success socially and financially. It was estimated that about 250 deaf people were present. Indiana sent a delegation of at least fifty and Ohio cities and neighboring towns were well represented.

The day proved an ideal one for outdoor sports, which were entered into with much pep. The "Kitten" baseball, between the Dayton branch and a picked nine of outsiders, resulted in the score of 11 to 0 in favor of the Dayton nine.

Winners of prizes were: Walking race—Mrs. Robert Cottner, of Cincinnati.

Balloon race—Miss Etta Hahn, Cincinnati.

Horse race—Arthur Peterson and Ernest Morris, of Dayton; and Mrs. Corinne Randall, Florida.

Leapfrog—Charles Liggett and Herbert Vette, Columbus.

Relay ball throwing—Charles Vonard, Mr. Stoltz, Mrs. Stoltz, Kenneth Boroman and Miss Weber, all of Indianapolis.

50 Yard dash—Mrs. Randall, Florida. 100 Yard dash—Ernest Morris, Dayton.

Miss Alice Hames, of Indianapolis, succeeded in finding a hidden dollar. Miss Etta Hahn took first prize in an eating ice-cream race and Miss McCurray, Springfield, succeeded in making wavy with the most pop in a drinking contest.

The Western Ohio Deaf-Mute Association is making plans for a big crowd at Forest Park, near Dayton, on August 5th. This will be their twenty-fifth annual picnic.

Mr. Charles Kitchen, Piketon, Ohio, who came to Dayton some time ago, to visit at the home of his brother, William Kitchen and family, died July 5th, at the Miami Hospital. He was forty-six years old and leaves beside his brother, a wife. The cause of his demise was a complication of diseases.

His remains were taken to Piketon for interment on July 7th.

Now that Mr. Stephen Miller and family have taken a residence on the same street with Mr. and Mrs. Munday, Dayton, the latter will be kept busier talking.

A Los Angeles, Cal., paper, given to me by a friend, mentions Mr. Nathaniel F. Morrow, at one time a teacher in the Indiana school, and who graduated from Gallaudet in 1885, with Rev. Hasenstab, Charles Kerney and Samuel G. Davidson. E.

CHICAGO

Mrs. Hannah Scott's birthday was on July 13th, and she is eighty-three years old. She attends the M. E. Mission every Sunday.

Mrs. John Holmes, of Batavia, Ill., was in this city, Sunday, July 15th, for one day's visit with her husband's sister.

Peter Liskiewicz, of Brooklyn, N. Y., is in this city in search of a job. He says he if does not succeed in finding it he will return home soon.

Rev. Flick was taken to his home last week, after his operation. His condition is improving and he is glad to receive visitors.

The members of the Pas-a-Pas enjoyed a bunco and "500" party, at the club room, Thursday, July 12th, and Saturday, July 14th, as did the members of Rev. Flick's church, at the reception room, Wednesday, July 18th.

Miss Anna Schaeffer accompanied the Reverend Constance H. Elmes and Mrs. Hasenstab to attend the Epworth Institute on Lake Geneva, Wis., July 16th to 22d.

Miss Etta Nees and a boy-pupil, James Brightman, are with Mrs. Grace Haskell, at her cottage at Lake Delavan, Wis., this month and next.

August and Lenora Bjorkquest passed through the city, July 8th, on their way to visit with their brother, Frederick, at Vancouver, Wash., to be gone about a month.

Alfred Arnot took advantage of the close of his shop for two weeks, to go to South Bend, Ind., and visit his deaf parents and relatives.

Many of the deaf Chicagoans are out on vacation for one or weeks, some with pay and the others without. Messrs. C. Johnson and Herbert Stearns, of Rockford, Ill., were in this city, July 14th, on a two day's visit and they had tickets for sale for a picnic to be held in that city Sunday, July 22d.

Word has reached here that Marjorie Carlson and three children of Mr. and Mrs. Hooper have arrived safe in Texas. The matron at St. Louis met them at the train and transferred them to a "Special" bound for the state of Texas.

Mrs. James Murphy, a blind woman, who received a quarterly blind pension of \$62, from the Galena, Ill., Home for the Blind for some time, is surprised to get \$91, in the form of an increase, recently.

Ed. W. Carlson had his tonsils removed, at Grant Hospital, last week. He is doing nicely.

Julia McDowell, a former pupil of the Illinois School for the Deaf, whose home was in Pontiac, Ill., wrote to Miss Alice Kessne, of Harvey, Ill., that she is now living at the Pacific Home for Aged People in California.

Sunday, July 15th, a crowd filled the Union Station for a glimpse of Herbert Hoover, Republican nominee for President, and his wife, who passed through this city on their way to the summer camp of President and Mrs. Coolidge in Wisconsin.

Some of the Catholic deaf attended an outing held by the Polish Catholic League, an organization of the Chicagoans of Polish birth or descent, at Riverview Park, Saturday, July 14th, in observance of the Polish day. Proceeds were donated to the charities.

The Kenosha, Wis., Frats will give a picnic at the city of Kenosha, Sunday, July 29th, instead of Saturday, July 28th, as previously advertised. The city is about fifty-two miles distant from here. It is hoped that a large number of the Chicago deaf will attend by auto or suburban trains.

There are no social activities at the Silent Athletic Club house during the summer, except a gathering of the deaf for social conversation, or pooling and bowling, every Saturday and Sunday. The club will not plan a picnic or outing in the future.

Men inspected the Silent Athletic Club house with the intention of purchasing it. It will sell for \$50,000. Goodwin, in charge of the real estate office, agent for the club, holds one or two bids offering under the value. He will knock it off to the highest bidder.

Mrs. Olive Larson's (nee Bathurst) sister, living at Leon, Iowa, passed through Chicago, on her way to New York City for a visit. After that she will stop off here on her return and accompany Mrs. Larson to Iowa. After a stay of one or two weeks, the latter will attend the convention of the Iowa Association of the Deaf, to be held at the Iowa School for the Deaf at Council Bluffs, August 23d to 25th. P.

Every successful man I have heard of has done the best he could with conditions as he found them, and not waited until next year for better.

DETROIT

July 9th, St. John's Mission will have a picnic at Belle Isle. You and yours are most cordially invited.

Detroit Association of the Deaf Excursion to Tashmo, August 19th.

R. D. Bailey, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. Pastore, has returned to her home in Gaylord, Mich.

Fred J. Bourcier has moved his family to 4648 Roemer Street, Fordson.

Congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Albert Goff. A seven-pound daughter came to gladden their home. Albert had the misfortune to hurt his right arm in the factory last week.

Herman Buruse, aged sixty-five years, was forced to sell out his printing business, that he has conducted for the past thirty-five years, on account of ill-health. He has taken up residence in the Evangelic Lutheran Old Folks' Home, at Monroe, where he will be pleased to have his friends call on him.

Miss Johnnie Tipp, of Mulberry, Tenn., and Miss Eddie Frey, of Nashville, Tenn., are visiting their respective sisters.

On Friday, July 4th, Mr. and Mrs. Leon La Porte decided to take a trip to the La Porte ancestral home at Drysdale, Ont., on the shores of beautiful Lake Huron, and invited a number of their friends to accompany them, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Gottlieb, Mr. and Mrs. Aloys Japes, Mr. and Mrs. Jessie Grow, Mr. B. J. Schlichte and Mr. and Mrs. W. K. Liddy, of Windsor. They left Detroit at 5 p.m., and arrived at the La Porte homestead about 11 p.m., where they were cordially received by Mr. and Mrs. La Porte, Sr., and found a royal dinner awaiting them. The next day, Saturday, they drove to Goodrich, on a sightseeing jaunt, and put up at the palatial Sunset Hotel, though the sun had not set yet. A swim at Grand Beach was the next treat in store. It is near Drysdale, and on Lake Huron. Supper at the homestead wound up the day. Sunday morning those of the Catholic faith attended the Catholic church, not very far from the La Porte home, and after dinner, another grand spread, they all departed for home, thanking the host and hostess most kindly for their great hospitality, which shall be remembered by some, if not all, as long as life lasts. Mr. and Mrs. La Porte, Sr., have one of the most beautiful farms on the shores of Lake Huron. Mr. La Porte is a former member of the Huron County Council and Reeve of his own municipality, Drysdale, Ont.

Since much smuggling of liquor has been going on between Windsor and Detroit, Mr. Liddy was held up at the Detroit side and asked if he had any "wet" goods in his valise. Mr. Liddy, who always enjoys a good joke, because of his Hibernian descent, answered "yes" and then opened his valise, while Uncle Sam's customs officers diligently searched for the "wet" goods, in anticipation of having a glorious time when off duty that night, but finding none of the real stuff, angrily wrote to Mr. Liddy: "Where is the 'wet' goods. I cannot find any?" Whereupon Mr. Liddy pointed to two bathing suits, which were still partially wet. So, gentle reader, you can imagine two blue-coated, brass-buttoned officers' chagrin better than we can describe it.

The M. A. D. first annual excursion was given on the fourteenth to Put-in-Bay. The rain early in the morning kept many away who had planned to go. The 120 who ventured forth early in the morning were well repaid, for the sun came forth and the island was dry, so you could get around the caves and mounment. All came in for their share of attention. About twenty-five dollars was added to the M. A. D. Fund. Ivan Heymanson was chairman and did his best to make it a success. Here's hoping the weather man will treat us better next time.

Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, the hustler of the M. A. D., drove all the way from Flint, in the wee sma' hours of morning in the rain, in order to get there in time. The M. A. D. would be a grand thing if there were more like him.

Mrs. Lawrence Lynch, of Bay City, is visiting friends and relatives in Windsor, Detroit and Ypsilanti.

We regret to report Miss Florence H. Jones, supervisor of the girls at the State school, is not able to be around.

The members of the D. A. D. had a party at the club rooms, June 27th, when they presented Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lobsinger with a handsome bridge lamp, in appreciation of their faithful and efficient service. Mr. Lobsinger was recently successful in having the monthly rent reduced, and Mrs. Lobsinger is the club's "leading lady" in dramatics.

At the close of the graduating exercises at the Day School for the Deaf, it was urged to form an alumni association of that school. We failed to learn who was elected as officers.

Mrs. John Curry, of Toledo, and Mrs. Peter Hellers gave Mrs. John Berry a birthday surprise party on the sixteenth of June. Some thirty were present and spent a very enjoyable evening. Mrs. Berry received many useful gifts and was completely surprised. Mr. John Tom Hower and

James O. Hamersly, of Akron, Ohio, were present part of the evening.

They had been to Mt. Clemens, taking the "Baths," and had to leave the next day for home. Mr. Hower remained for a week as the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Isackson.

On June 8th, a miscellaneous shower party was given at the Detroit Fraternal Club, by Mrs. S. Goth and Miss Emma Reiker, for Miss Ellen M. Goth, who was married, on June 16th, to Mr. Mack McLeod, a hearing man. About fifty were present, and a snapshot of the party at the table was taken to help the bride remember the happy occasion. Detroiters all extend their heartiest good wishes to Mr. and Mrs. McLeod for a long and happy wedded life.

Mrs. Eunice Stark wishes the writer to announce her son, Leonard, has purchased a new residence and moved his family into it. It is located on Cloverlawn Avenue. He has rented his old place on Junction Avenue.

The Rev. Franklin C. Smielau held service at St. John's on the 15th. It was the occasion of blessing and using the new six-piece communion set, in sterling silver by Gorham & Co., of New York. A new set of altar linen also was there. The last was a gift of the Ladies' Guild.

The new communion set is beautiful, and is a memorial to the late Rev. Austin W. Mann, Rev. Brewster Allabough and Rev. Clarence Charles. Rev. Smielau's text was the parable of the talents and uselessness. About sixty-five were present to enjoy the service.

Mr. and Mrs. Otto Buby have taken up residence on Garland Avenue with Mr. and Mrs. Feet. We are glad to say Mrs. Buby is much improved in health.

The Detroit Association of the Deaf cleared well over \$100 with its boat excursions to Put-in-Bay and Tashmo in June. At the latter, Pontiac won the ball game, and there were the usual foot races, including blind man's and Siamese, peanut rolling, balloon blowing, etc.

Remember their next date at Tashmo Park, August 19th.

George May was called home from Benton Harbor by the death of his brother, who had never been in perfect health since he was gassed in the World War. We extend our sympathy to him.

July 8th, Mrs. Anna Waters, mother of Horace B. and sister of Mrs. A. B. Hoy, came to Detroit on an excursion from Marshall, Mo., Billy and Marjorie, the infant daughter, returned home with them for an extended visit. Their oldest son, Horace, has secured work at the Fisher plant in Pontiac. He drives back and forth nights and mornings. He was able to get a driver's license without any trouble at Royal Oak.

The clubs of Detroit held open house on the Fourth. The Fraternal Club had a basket picnic with games and prizes. On Tuesday evening, the Detroit Association of the Deaf held an Independence social.

Miss Edith Pinney, of Middleville, Ohio, came up on an excursion, to see her old friend and classmate, Mrs. Bertha Togel, who by ill-luck was taking her vacation at Traverse City. Mrs. Robert V. Jones played the hostess.

Horace B. Gillespie, of Hancock, Mich., deaf since boyhood, won two scholastic fraternity keys at the University of Illinois. We congratulate him and wish we had more deaf like him. So far, we have meet nobody who knows him.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Heide (Violet Colby) are spending a month in Washington, D. C., and vicinity. They hope to bring Mrs. C. C. Colby back with them.

John Sticht, of San Diego, Cal., vacationed in Detroit.

The many friends of Mrs. Shiebert, wife of Rev. Ernest Shiebert of the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Deaf, is at home from the hospital. She is improving slowly and not many visitors are allowed at the home. We hope she will soon be able to be about, as she is very popular at all socials and affairs of the Lutheran crowd.

Mrs. John J. Walsh and son, of Birmingham, Alabama, are visiting friends and relatives here for several months. Mr. Walsh is very busy as an interior decorator and unable to accompany his wife. However, he takes this means of saying "HELLO" to all his friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Behrendt, Mrs. Thomas J. Kenney and Mrs. Wm. Greenbaum attended the strawberry festival at the Saginaw Silent Club, on June 24th, and had a very nice time. They saw the new home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Dundas, and met Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Smith, of Ann Arbor; Mr. and Mrs. George Tripp, Mr. and Mrs. Philioh Schreiber and daughter, of Flint; Mr. and Mrs. Carleton and Miss Lilly Howell, of Owosso, there. The Saginaw Silents have a nice club, with large rooms, for the sum of \$20 per month.

The twelfth annual picnic of the Detroit Association of the Catholic Deaf was held at Center Line, on July 15th, with over 200 present.

Aloys Japes was the smiling chairman, Peter Hellers was manager of games, which were many and varied. We failed to get all the winners' names, so won't put any in. Refreshments of all kinds were sold and a good profit was realized.

About thirty Detroit people went to Toronto to attend the O. A. D. convention, which was a big success, with over four hundred present. We congratulate the new President, Mr. H. E. Grooms. Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Riberty took Mrs. John Berry, Mrs. Chas. Seigler, Mr. and Mrs. Ball over in their brand new Victory Six, and they report a swell trip. Mr. and Mrs. S. Goth and Miss Emma Reiker were in another car. Mr. and Mrs. Alex Lobsinger and son, Norman, remained for a two weeks' vacation with their relatives in Caledonia. Belleville School for the Deaf will have the next convention in 1930.

Now, dear readers, I find that I am unable to cover all the ground necessary. I have tried in vain to get some one to take up this job in my place. I thank you all who have in any way aided me, and will from time to time send in a letter. But please do not look for a letter every week, unless you all put your shoulder to the wheel and send the items direct to me. A postal card will do it. Yours for success of the JOURNAL.

(MRS.) GERTRUDE S. BEHRENDT.
5945 Wayburn Ave.
July 18, 1928.

PHILADELPHIA

On Saturday, August 11th, 1928, the Clerc Literary Association will have its annual outing to Riverview Beach on the Delaware River, Wilmington, Del., is a little further down the river, on the other side, and can be seen from the beach, which is an amusement resort with bathing facilities. The place is usually well patronized by excursionists, and it is an ideal place for those who do not care for long trips, this one taking only two hours and a half. A grove skirts the river, making it shady and additionally attractive. By joining this excursion the deaf of Philadelphia may not only enjoy a delightful time, but also give the Clerc Literary Association substantial assistance, which will be appreciated. The trip is made via Wilson Line' steamers, from Chestnut Street wharf at 8:30, 10:00 A.M. and 2:00 P.M., times convenient for everybody. It is not necessary to take the first boat, to help the association, but it is necessary to use the association's pink ticket to help it on any of the three trips from the city. So give the good, old Clerc Literary Association a boost by joining the outing. Harry E. Stevens is chairman of the committee, to whom settlement for tickets should be made not later than the 5:00 return boat.

All Souls' Church for the Deaf is open every Sunday evening through the summer, in charge of lay-reader Stevens. Pastor Smaltz and family are sojourning at Wildwood during the month of July.

Matters seem at a standstill here during the summer season, for there is very little news of interest or importance to report. But still the readers expect to find the Philadelphia letter regularly in the JOURNAL, and the reporter must usually go to his wit's end trying to fill out a column.

Mr. Fletcher, student for the ministry, is spending his vacation in Texas, but not idly. He understands the value of money, when he has to pay his way through his vacation time, so he employs his time in making hard dollars and in greeting his fiancée when not occupied—a sensible course, indeed.

As for the Lutheran people, who spent a year of great and helpful activity, they seem to have disappeared from earth, at least so during the summer season. They can be depended upon to rise up when the time comes for Fall work and to work with even greater vigor and zeal than heretofore, because they have an active and able young leader.

Mrs. Jas. S. Reider left for York, Pa., by automobile, in company with her son-in-law and daughter, on July 10th, and is still visiting there. Pete, the pet dog, accompanied his mistress, so Mr. Reider is keeping bachelor's hall at present.

Mr. John A. Roach enjoyed a most delightful trip North in the middle of June. He first took in the reunion at the American School for the Deaf at Hartford, Ct., spending a day there; then going to Montreal and Quebec. Coming to Boston from the north, he visited the New England Home for Aged Deaf at Danvers, Mass., and was very well impressed there. Mr. Roach's traveling observations ought to be of interest and value to the Pennsylvania Society for the Advancement of the Deaf, which maintains a similar home at Torresdale in this city. We congratulate Mr. Roach upon his successful and enjoyable trip.

Prof. Corydon D. Moore, of Pittsburgh, Pa., visited his deaf brother, Clarke Moore, in this city early in the summer. He is an educator and holds prominent positions.

Mr. Chas. N. Snyder, of Buffalo, N. Y., was a visitor here early in July. He was a former Mt. Airy graduate and seems to be making a successful living.

Robert Louis Stevenson once said: "We don't live for the necessities of life. In reality, no one cares a damn for them. What we live for are its superfluities."

The Capital City

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Heide, of Detroit, were in the Capital City from July 2d to July 17th, though their planned vacation in this city was cut short by the torrid temperature. During these days the weather was excessively hot. The mercury was unmercifully soaring and Old Sol continued to beat down on the heat-retaining pavements. To seek relief from the heat, the Heides and Verniers motored to Annapolis and other points. Thence the Heides motored to Niagara Falls, leaving the Verniers home.

The August Hertfelder family, who brought the Edington and Parker families to Romney, W. Va., July 5th, returned home. On Sunday evening, July 15th, they brought Hunter S. Edington, who came to Keyser, Va., from Little Rock, Ark., where he attended the reunion while in St. Louis. Mr. Edington visited his sister for four days.

The Hertfelder family are going to stay in the city for some time, being the guests of the H. S. Edingtons.

The engagement of Miss Laura Sykes, a charming young lady of this city, and Mr. Richard Levan, of Elmira, N. Y., was recently announced. The young lady has a host of friends in this city. It is hoped that Miss Sykes will remain with us after her marriage, as she is one of the worthy workers of St. Barnabas Mission.

L. S. Bryne, who is employed at the Government Printing Office, has a charming wife and a darling little daughter. They live in a cosy apartment, just around the corner from where the Edingtons live.

Our pastor, Rev. H. L. Tracy, is now in Iowa, visiting his aged mother. His oldest son accompanied him there in his auto, while the youngest son is home in this city with Mrs. Tracy.

Baxter Seaton, son of Prof. and Mrs. C. D. Seaton, of Romney, W. Va., has taken charge of the drug store on 18th and Columbia, N. W., for two weeks for the owner and proprietor, who went on a vacation.

In a few weeks Baxter Seaton and family will go to Romney, W. Va., to spend their vacation of two weeks with his folks.

W. W. Duval met with an accident some time ago, while walking in a garden, and his left hand was injured. He is still under the doctor's treatment, though not very serious.

Walter Hauser is back home in this city from North Carolina. His friends welcome him with glad hands. "Jimmy" Davidson has disposed his Chevrolet and is thinking of purchasing a Buick.

A big boat excursion to Chesapeake Bay has been prepared. It is under the auspices of the Washington Division, No. 46, N. F. S. D., and our genial friend, Nicol, secretary of the Division, is chairman. The date is August 18th. Come everybody, for a good time awaits you all.

Mrs. Mary Marshall, who a few days ago sold her personal household goods, is now spending her vacation with Mrs. A. F. Adams and family, on 1213 Decatur Street, N. W.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Burton entertained their relatives from North Carolina, a short time ago.

The Washington Division, No. 46, N. F. S. D., had its business meeting on the night of July 18th, at the Masonic Temple, with H. S. Edington presiding.

Washington's ten cents rush-hour taxi cab service was temporarily suspended this week, to permit the Public Utilities Commission to make its study and agree on some definite policy in regard to the new service.

The card play contest given by the Washington Division, No. 46, N. F. S. D., on the boat excursion to Marshall Hall, June 23d, was won by the charming wife of Robert Wortman, and she was awarded a year's subscription to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, donated by the writer.

Few of the deaf went to Baltimore, Md., to attend the Christ M. E. Church

Are You Well Educated? Think It Over.

There is a difference between education and training. This is not always understood. Some people are perfectly trained but poorly educated and, conversely, some people have an extensive education but no training. Training means proper knowledge and efficiency in your chosen calling, but education has reference to the development of your whole personality.

Training is the narrower term and has reference only to one's particular business. Education has a wider signification and applies to the contact which one has with all the world, that is past, present and future, with play and leisure as well as with work.

The ordinary curriculum of the school begins very properly with Greek and Latin because the Greek and Latins dominated the whole past of our civilization, and, while it is not necessary that one should have command of those two languages, at least one ought to have a working knowledge of their literature and history as well as that of medieval times.

One purpose of an education is to equip a man with a knowledge of the past, so that he can go on where other people left off. He can stand, so to speak, on their shoulders, and learn much from their experiments. Those who are in command of this knowledge are saved many a foolish experiment of their own, because a similar thing has been tried out before. To know the past is to progress in a straight line, while not to know the past requires us to keep going around in circles.

A knowledge of the history of religion must be good for every man, for almost all modern vagaries have been championed in the past and have been thoroughly worked out. To know the history of comparative religions is to insure hospitality of mind and the spirit of tolerance.

In the same way a knowledge of a past literature is a great training for one who desires efficiency and classical tastes. So, in music, a knowledge of what has been done would prevent much of present composition which is merely a disordered remembrance of the past.

In art and in science one cannot go very far without knowing what has been done before. This knowledge underlies any advancement in the right direction and prevents much foolish experiment.

Those books wherein are held the treasures of the past, because they give us the most valuable education, are indispensable. Samuel Johnson said: "A young man should read five hours in the day, and so may acquire a great deal of knowledge." He also said: "The foundation must be laid by reading. General principles must be had from books, which, however, must be brought to the test of real life. In conversation you never get a system. What is said upon a subject is to be gathered from a hundred people. The parts of a truth which a man gets thus are at such distance from each other that he never attains a full fact."

Much time may be saved by not attempting to learn foreign languages. These may be good for us as a means of communication in business or in society, but they are of little value toward education. All the great books of other languages have been translated into English, and generally translated well.

Education has its principal bearing upon our tastes. Having an education is wasted unless our taste is improved. Indeed, it is one of the best tests of an educated person that he likes the best things, and a preference for jazz music, tawdry art, novelities in religion, and facts that have no basis in science, is a sure proof that one lacks that knowledge of the past that comes with education.

Sound and good things hold their own with us because they are better than cheap things. We have only to familiarize ourselves with them to become their lovers. Those who do not love good art are those who have never been familiar with it, and so in the whole realm of education it is familiarity with good things that makes the character worth while and redeems us from the taint of vulgarity.

In asking, therefore, whether you have an education or not it is tantamount to asking yourself if you are well grounded in the world's past, if you are a lover of books that have stood the test of time, and if you are so familiar with good things that have been done that your tastes conform to them and are not the whimsicalities of untried personality.

ST. THOMAS' MISSION FOR THE DEAF

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.
Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader.
Sunday School at 11.
Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M.
Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M.
Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M.
Socials, Fourth Saturdays, 8:00 P.M.
Special services, lectures, socials and other events indicated on annual program card and duly announced.

PACIFIC NORTHERN SERVICES FOR THE DEAF.

REV. OLOF HANSON, MISSIONARY
Seattle, 1st and 3d Sundays 3 P.M., at St. Mark's.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL

SAMUEL FRANKENHEIM
Investment Bonds

Correspondent of
LEE HIGGINSON & COMPANY

FORMERLY AT

18 West 107th Street
New York City

IS NOW LOCATED AT

168 WEST 86th STREET
New York City

Many Reasons Why You Should Be a Frat

BROOKLYN DIVISION, No. 23, N. F. S. D., meets in Brooklyn, N. Y., on the first Saturday of each month. We offer exceptional provisions in the way of Life Insurance and Sick Benefits and unusual social advantages. If interested, write B. FRIEDWALD, Secretary, 84 Lawrence Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Manhattan Division, No. 87

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf, meets at 143 West 125th Street, New York City (Deaf-Mutes' Union League Rooms), first Wednesday of each month. For information, write the Secretary, Nathan Schwartz, 1042 Hoe Avenue, Bronx, New York, N. Y.

Bronx Division, No. 92, N. F. S. D.

The value of Life Insurance is the best proposition in life. Ages limited from 18 to 55 years. No red tape. Meets at Ebling's Casino, East 156 Street and St. Ann's Avenue, Bronx, New York City, every first Monday of the month. If interested, write for information to division secretary, Albert Lazar, 644 Riverside Drive, New York City.

Deaf-Mutes' Union League, Inc.,

143 West 125th St., New York City.

Club Rooms open the year round. Regular meetings on Third Thursdays of each month, at 8:15 P.M. Visitors coming from a distance of over twenty-five miles welcome. Marcus L. Kenner, President; Nathan Schwartz, Secretary, 864 East 149th Street, Bronx, N. Y. C.

Evangelical Association of the Deaf

UNION SERVICES FOR ALL THE DEAF
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA.
Rev. Clarence E. Webb, Minister.
Mr. Daniel E. Moran, Assistant.
Every Sunday
Bible Class 2 P.M. Worship and Sermon 3 P.M. Methodist Church, Hope and Eighth Streets.
Address all communications to the E. A. D., 3955 S. Hobart Boulevard, Los Angeles. A hearty welcome to all the deaf.

Detroit Fraternal Club of the Deaf.

2254 Vermont Ave., Cor of Michigan.
Open Saturdays, Sundays and Holidays.
Michigan Cars pass the doors. Membership open to Frats only. Visitors always welcome.

Detroit Association of the Deaf

Third floor, 320 West Fort St., Detroit, Mich.
Club room open the year round. Regular meetings on second Friday of each month. Visitors always welcome. Merton A. Fielding, President; Harold Lundgren, Secretary.

Harlem Club of the Colored Deaf

215 West 133d St., New York City.

The object of the club is to promote its Social and intellectual advancement of the colored deaf.

Club room open every Saturday and Sunday nights. Regular meetings on the first Saturday of each month at 8 P.M. Visitors are welcome to the Harlem Silent Club. William Nixon, President; Julius Anderson, Secretary, 853 St. Nicholas Avenue, New York.

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf Mutes

EVENTS FOR 1928
At MESSIAH CHURCH, 80 Greene Ave.
Near Clermont Ave., Brooklyn
July 29—Bus Ride to Lake Ronkonkoma, Long Island.
August—Picnic.
September, Labor Day—Beach Party.
October 27—Hallowe'en Party.
November—Charity Ball.
December 29—Christmas Festival.

PAS-A-PAS CLUB

ORGANIZED 1922
INCORPORATED 1891

Room 307-8, 81 W. VAN BUREN STREET, CHICAGO

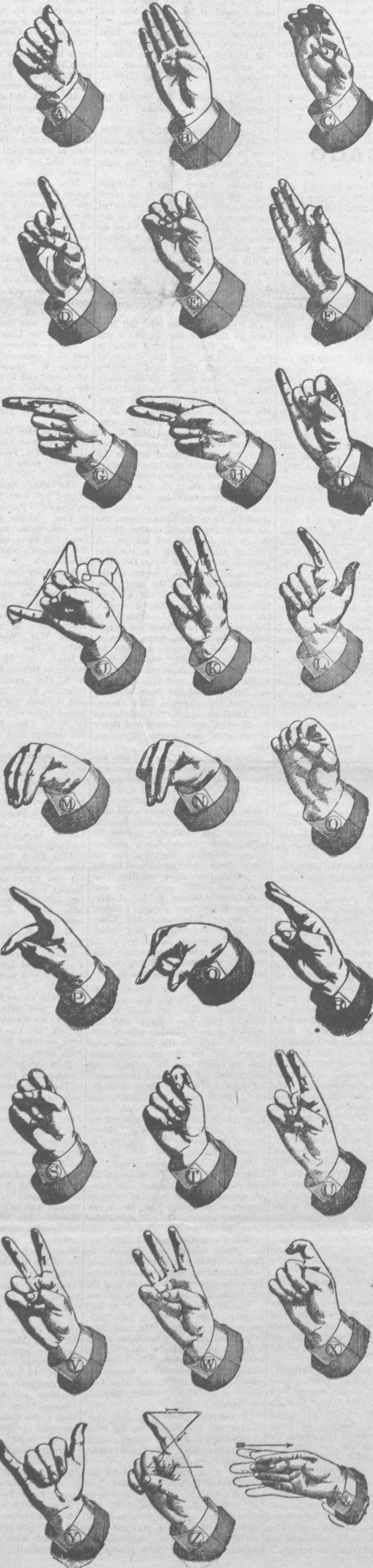
Out-of-town Visitors are welcome to visit America's Deaf-Mute Premier Club.

Stated Meetings.....First Saturdays
Gilbert O. Erickson, President
Charles B. Kemp, Secretary
4323 N. Richmond St.

Entertainments, Socials, Receptions
Second, Third and Fourth Saturdays

Address all communications to the Secretary.
Rooms open: Thursdays, Saturdays and Sundays.

AMERICAN MANUAL ALPHABET.



FOLLOW THE CROWD TO THE

Picnic and Games

OF THE

BROOKLYN DIVISION NO. 23

NATIONAL FRATERNAL SOCIETY OF THE DEAF

AT

Ulmer Park Athletic Field

Foot of 25th Avenue, Brooklyn

ON

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, August 18

Subscription, 55 Cents

EVENTS FOR CASH PRIZES

Boys: 100 Yard Dash, 440 Yard Dash, 1 mile run, 1 mile relay.
Girls: 50 Yard Dash, Ball-throwing, Rope-skipping.
Games for the kiddies

WALTZ CONTEST IN THE EVENING

Directions to Park—B. M. T. West End trains to 25th Avenue

If it's Life INSURANCE

You're Looking for—

Why not let me Insure You in the Largest Standard Life Insurance Co. in the World

The MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY of New York

86th Year in Business
Special Offer to Deaf Mutes.

Same rate to the deaf as those of hearing people.
Investment for You.
Insurance written on lives ages from 10 to 70.
Protection for Beneficiary.
Large Cash Dividends also Cash or Loan Values.
There is No Argument against Insurance.
Write or call for Valuable Information.

LOUIS BAKER
2265 THIRD AVE., Cor. 123rd St.
NEW YORK

PICNIC AND OUTING

under the auspices of the
LUTHERAN GUILD FOR THE DEAF
at
FOREST PARK

opposite Greenhouse and Play Grounds
On Ground No. 4.
Myrtle and Woodhaven Boulevard,
Woodhaven, L. I.

Sunday, Aug. 12, 1928
MORNING AND AFTERNOON

Admission - - - 35 Cents

NEW GAMES AND PRIZES

DIRECTIONS TO PARK—At Chambers St. take Myrtle Ave. train to Wyckoff Ave. station then take Richmond Hill car or take Jamaica train to Woodhaven Blvd Station then take bus to park.

MR. JOHN NESGOOD, Chairman.

RESERVED FOR
BROWNVILLE SILENT CLUB
DECEMBER 15, 1928.
(PARTICULARS LATER)

RESERVED
MARGRAF CLUB
NOVEMBER 17, 1928

RESERVED
WOMAN'S PARISH AID SOCIETY
ST. ANN'S CHURCH
NOVEMBER 8, 9, 10, 1928.

RESEVERED FOR
MANHATTAN DIVISION, NO. 87
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928.

RESERVED FOR
DETROIT CHAPTER, M. A. D.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1928

THIS SPACE RESERVED
for
CHARITY BALL
Brooklyn Guild of the Deaf
at
Acme Hall, 7 Avenue and 9th Street.
Brooklyn, N. Y.
SATURDAY EVENING, DEC. 1st.
(PARTICULARS LATER)

GREATER THAN EVER
Hallowe'en Party and Dance

under the auspices of
BRONX DIVISION No. 92
N. F. S. D.

at
EBLING'S CASINO
East 156th Street and St. Ann's Avenue
on
SATURDAY EVENING, OCT. 20, 1928.

Admission - - 75 Cents
Under the chairmanship of Edward P. Bonvillian

FUN-FUN AND MORE FUN
Games, prizes, souvenirs, apples, balloons, etc.
LET'S GO

RESERVED FOR
Brooklyn Division
ANNUAL No. 23 BALL
• • Arcadia Hall • •
Saturday, February 16, 1929

ENJOY THE SUMMER

in the Catskills at West Saugerties, N. Y. Two bungalows to rent at \$20 a week or \$50 a month.

For particulars write to W. Renner
520 West 174th Street, New York

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

1. You can get a very liberal policy in the NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL without extra cost.
2. It is Protection and Investment.
3. It will take care of your Old Age and provide for your family when you are gone.
4. It costs very little—about \$21 a year for \$1,000 on age 25.
5. It earns increasing cash dividends and has liberal cash surrender and loan values.

You will gain nothing by delay. Better write or see me before it is "too late."

MARCUS L. KENNER
Eastern Special Agent
Office—100 West 21st St., New York.
Residence—200 West 111th St., New York.